By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richmond with the Lords.
Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanly quartered, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much, Which

Which well I am assur'd I haue not done,
His regiment lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.
King. What is a clocke?
Cat. It is sixe of the clocke, full supper time.
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent?
Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse.
King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about Cocke-shut time, from troupe to troupe